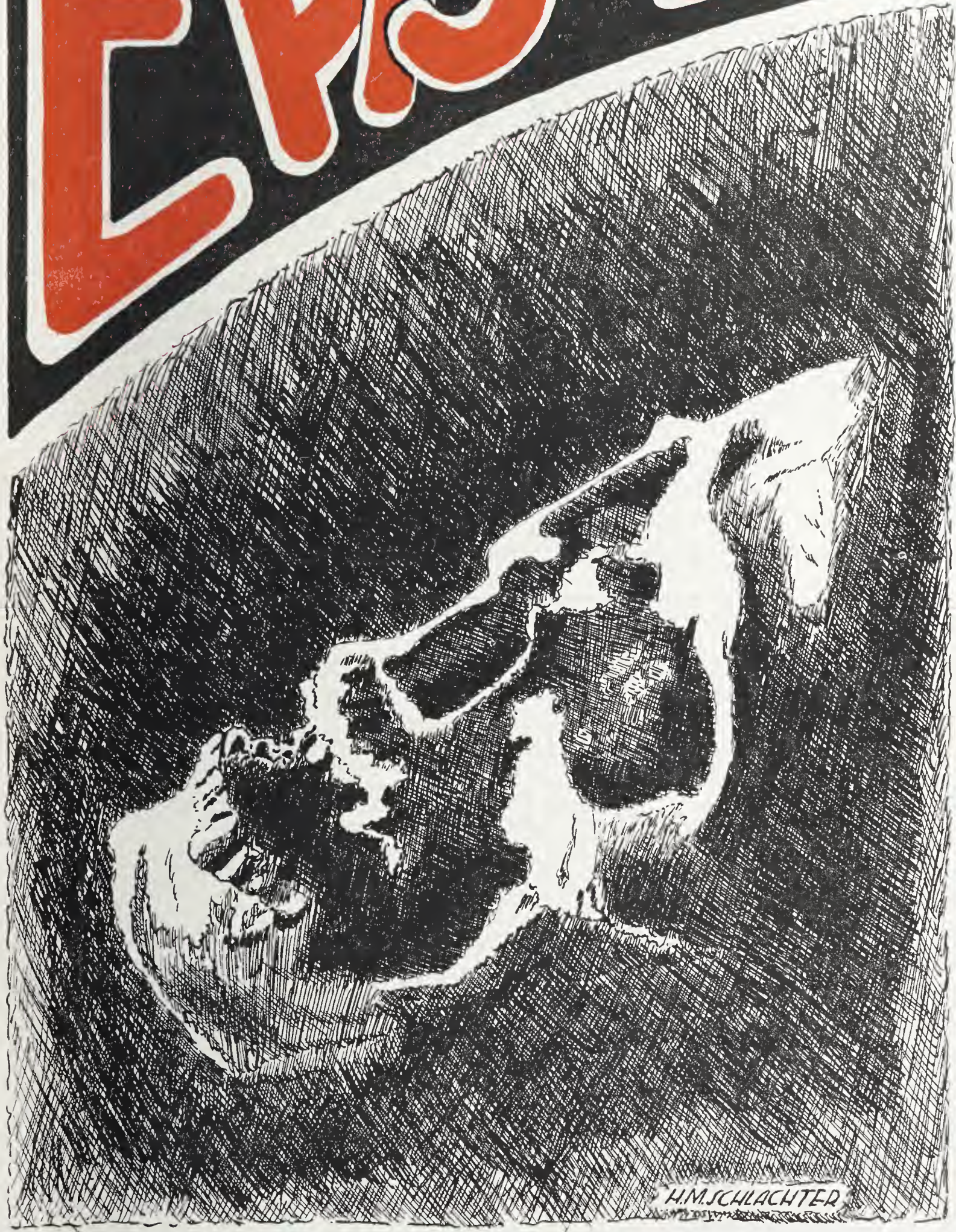


EPIC TAXES



VOLUME XXVI

1937

H.M. Schlachter



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SURGICAL AND MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS

BRITISH MANUFACTURE

A POLITE STORY

Now I've heard some tales, both strange and new
But the strangest tale I ever knew
Was the remarkable story of Jennie M'Grew
And if you'll be patient I'll tell it to you.

Jennie M'Grew was a sweet young thing
Her praises young men were wont to sing
But she got used to that kind of thing
Until along came a gent who gave her a ring
(A diamond which sparkled and everything)
Of course they were married and all that sort of thing.

Now Jennie M'Grew was a bright young one
And she wished nothing more than a wonderful son
So she went and consulted the family Doc
And went into his office and said "Old Sock
I want a son who is brave and true
And kind and thoughtful of others too"
(You know what she meant—a real M'Grew)
This doctor was clever (to give him his due)
But he didn't know exactly what to do
So he hummed and hawed then told Miss M'Grew
If she wished a son who was brave and true
And kind and thoughtful of others too
To go straightway home and think the same
Then her son would never disgrace her name.

So Jennie went home serene in the thought
That she'd have such a son (as like as not).

Now months have passed and all is well
As for the husband he's working like h——
While Jennie sits home and knits and knits
Baby blue jackets and booties and mitts
And she has to wear a maternity dress
For her other gowns won't stand the stress.

Often they'd sat and talked of a name,
Till they finally hit on John (or Jane)
But a whole year passed and they'd waited in vain
But the queer thing was—Jennie looked the same
At first they thought she was overdue
But that wasn't much like Jennie M'Grew
For a thing like that the M'Grews never do
(You can take my word for it—its true as true).

Now medical science by then was indignant
And opined that it might be a mass malignant
But still there were some who over the part
Thought that they heard a foetal heart.

The years flew on and by and by
Jennie's husband grew dull of eye
And the natural thing was for him to die
Which he up and did without even a cry
Tho' 'tis thought by some he heaved a sigh
(But he's not important 'tween you and I).

Our Jennie lived on and gained great fame
She became the world's best known dame
She replaced the quints from the newspaper pages
And excited the wonder of medical sages
(They said that in all of their history's pages
Her's was the first case heard of in ages).

I shant keep you in suspense any more
For our friend Jennie lived to be ninety-four
She met her death when she opened a door
And fell ten feet to a basement floor
Which like all such floors was made of cement
A thing not even a M'Grew could dent.

So they put her on an autopsy table
And they had all prepared a bottle and label
Around were the doctors who had marvelled for years

(They were really there to confirm their fears
Of a dermoid cyst or a fibroid mass
For some still thought such had come to pass)
When they opened her up there was a strange sound
And two little old men all wrinkled and browned
(But for all their wrinkles they hadn't a frown)
Were alternately bowing up and down
And murmuring politely to one another
"No you must go first my own dear brother".

When word got around of this multiple birth
It caused a good deal of unseemly mirth
But there is a moral (and I think I'm right)
When I say that some people can be too damned polite.

P. A. KINSEY.

When daffydils begin to peer
With heigh! the doxy oe'r the dale
Why then comes in the sweet of the year
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

EDITORIAL

Well, gentle readers, again we give you Epistaxis. The Fortieth Edition. Yes, the fortieth, in spite of what's on the cover. And with it we give you "Daffydil". Three glorious nights of fun, frivolity, and a lot of other things. This year, as was the case last year, "Daffydil" is being presented for three nights, and it is to be hoped that there are seats for all the Medical students, with perhaps a few left over for the lay public.

This year, our attention has been drawn to the retirement of Dr. FitzGerald as Dean. Although the Editor has never seen the Dean (nor any Dean for that matter) he has gathered the impression, chiefly from old issues of Epistaxis, that the Dean was indeed a "fine fellow". May he bring still more honours to our University.

And while we are on the subject of Faculty—there seems to be a growing uncertainty, in the minds of the Faculty as well as in the minds of the students, as to why there is a course in Medicine at all. Every now and then, one hears "Migod! What are we going to do with them all?" This uncertainty, we feel, is becoming almost traditionally characteristic of the profession. For in the year 1710, Addison in the "Spectator" (No. 21) expressed surprise at parents who allowed their sons to study Medicine. When multitudes of "ingenuous young gentlemen" starved one another in such a pitiful fashion! And in spite of the depressing advice of our elders we go on. Eventually we graduate, and in due course we too advise young men not to go into Medicine. Is there something wrong with our minds? Perhaps. One thing we feel sure of, if the undergraduate mind were to be opened we would come upon a box labeled "Logic-tight compartment". And if we were to lift the top of this box, out would pop . . . "DAFFY-DIL". But enough of this.

We wish to thank our various contributors for their work, and also to extend congratulations to the prize-winners. It is regrettable that Epistaxis should have but one cover, for the cover designs submitted were of unusual merit. Special thanks should go to our Art Editor, a First Year man, Kieve Shapiro. His cartoons appear all through this issue, and we think you'll agree when we say "they're excellent!" Also, may we express thanks to our Business Manager, Cam Gray, for his success in procuring advertising.

The Editor is including in this volume, a poem written in 1888 by his grandfather, the then Professor of Physiology,—*"Primae Viae"*, by Dr. Charles Sheard.

And now, as the immortal bard hath said

"Let the red blood reign".

C. Sheard, III.

PRIZE WINNERS

COVER—H. M. Schlachter, Second Year.

BEST CARTOON—K. L. Shapiro, First Year.

BEST POEM—P. A. Kinsey, Fourth Year.

BEST PROSE—W. I. Breslin, Fifth Year.

SPECIAL THANKS—I. MacLachlan, Fifth Year.

W. T. Mustard, Sixth Year.

D. R. Warren, Second Year.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MIND

Note—There follow a few short excerpts from that masterful work “The Intellect—How—Where—and Since When?” This volume comes in two editions—the first bound in half-calf for ordinary readers and the other a special edition for scholars (complete calf).

One of the most astounding and interesting features of the mind, is the progress it has made in recent years. For many centuries the human mind had lain dormant. People had very little fun, beyond feeding themselves, killing each other and themselves, and marrying each other (and occasionally themselves). But with the introduction of the New Era, astounding discoveries have been made and great steps taken. Think of the great numbers of people for instance who in former years never realized that they had a subconscious Ego . . . a complex . . . a phobia . . . a super-self . . . or a cosmic intelligence. They were legion. Their lives indeed were drab.

Contrast the conditions under which our unfortunate ancestors lived with the world of to-day. To-day, MIND has CAUGHT ON. Every book, every magazine, every newspaper has now at least one section devoted to “Mind”. No effort is being spared to make the Public MIND-CONSCIOUS . . . to make the man in the street realize he HAS a mind. We have Psychoanalysis, Auto-Suggestion, Hypnosis, Inebriety, and even Psychiatry constantly before us to aid in the grapple with MIND. Our educational facilities are within the reach of everyone. A poor man can undertake a course in Memory, or Will Power for as little as 75c down. College professors of Psychology are wearing overcoats lined with fur, and riding in little coupes like doctors. Everyone is turning to the study of the MIND for a TRUE understanding of the meaning of IT ALL. For infants we have “Psychology of the Infant”. For Medical students we have “Psychology of Love”. For clerics a “Psychology of Religion”. All ages and sexes are taken care of.

One of the most valuable helps towards putting the MIND in the Public Eye has been the Intelligence Test. This innocuous little guessing game has been of great service in helping people to make up their minds in a choice of a career. Below is a sample questionnaire for aspiring Medical students.

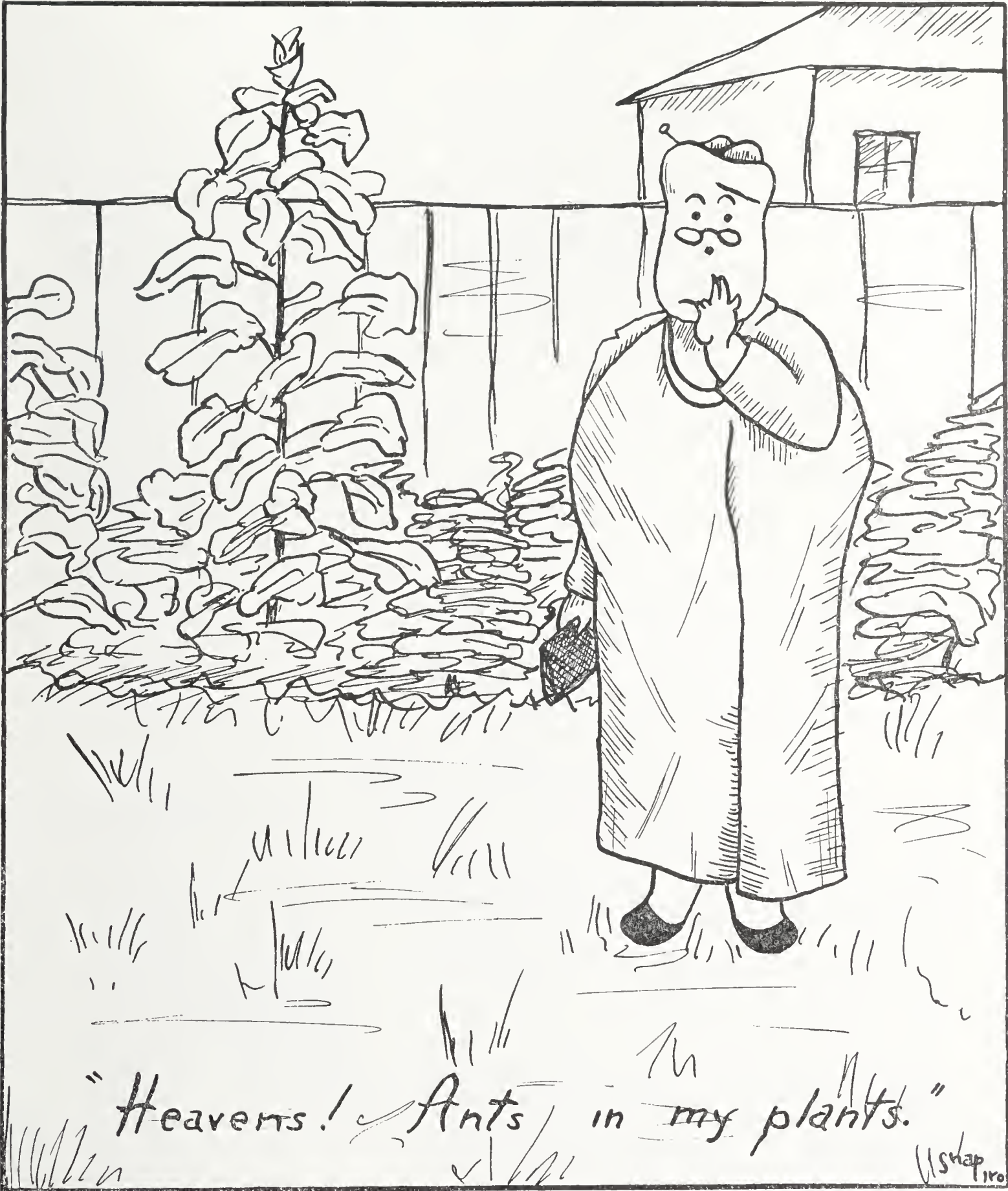
(1) Suppose that a general buoyancy had led you to expand beyond what you considered prudent, and you felt you must deflate, what would you take in first?

(2) Suppose that just as you were pulling up to the school, you got trouble somewhere in your flow of gas, so that there was set up a back-firing in your tubes. Would you attribute this to a defect in your feed?

(3) Suppose that you were going along late at night, at moderate speed, and properly lighted up, and you saw a red light directly in front of you. Would you stop or go right on?

Now out of 120 Medical freshmen only 10 were able to answer these questions without wandering from the essential meaning. The lady Med students were particularly prone to misconstrue the first question. From the type of questions above it is apparent that they can be of inestimable value in guiding the Youth of the Land in their choice of a Life Work.

There ain't no justice in the land.
Just got a divorce from my old man.
And did I laugh at the Court's decision,
They gave him the kids and they weren't his'n.



Compliments

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187 YONGE STREET

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

The procrastination
Of defaecation,
Will lead
With speed,
To constipation.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"You haven't time to put on a shirt darling. Tell him you're a physical instructor when you pass him in the hall!"

Sultan—"Bring me a girl!"
Servant—"Very good, sir."
Sultan—"Not necessarily."

* * *

At the Club, the other day, two men were taking a shower. One of the men was tall and quite thin, the other was short and very fat. The following conversation ensued:—

The tall, lean man—"If that stomach were on a woman, she'd be pregnant."
The short, fat man—"It was, and she is!"

* * *

Prof.—"Don't you know alcohol is nothing but slow poison?"
Stude—"Well, I'm in no hurry!"

SHORT SHORT PLAYLET

The scene is laid in Sandy's Liquor Shop, where Jock is trying to buy a bottle.
Jock—"But Sandy! I just want a wee bottle of Whiskey!"

Sandy—"Sorry Jock, but you dinna pay me for the last one."

Jock—"Oh, I know about that, but this is a verree special occasion. You see, my wife,—well, she's goin' to have a wee 'un!"

Sandy—"Well Jock, that's different. When is the happy event going to take place?"

Jock—"I'm just going home to arrange it the noo!"

Bill—"What kind of oil do you use in your car, Joe?"

Joe—"Oh, I usually begin by telling them I'm lonely."

* * *

Two old maids were sitting on the porch.

Said the First old maid—"Too bad about poor Mr. Johnson."

Said the Second old maid—"Yes it is. What did he die of?"

The First—"They say it was kidney trouble!"

The Second—"We're sure lucky we don't have those things."

NO IMAGINATION

The teacher suggested that the children should draw on a piece of paper what each one of them should like to be when they grew up. At the end of the period little Gargantua, age nine, handed in a blank sheet of paper. "Why, Gargy, isn't there something you'd like to be when you grow up?" asked the teacher. "Yes, teacher, I'd like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it," was the astute answer.

INCIDENT PHYSIOLOGIC

There is one young Doctor who knows that his luck is in. The proof of the fact is this:—

With his baby daughter, aged 4, he sat alone at the circus the other afternoon. The amazing show was drawing to its close. He had been paternally generous with lemonade.

Circuses are beautiful but circuses are long. And he noted that his little girl was growing restless toward the end. Finally she turned to him and whispered something into his ear. There followed an embarrassed study of their situation. Fifteen rows up. In the middle of the row. In the centre of the tent. Three daring riders each galloping two fast horses around the track. Exit seemed impossible. He whispered briefly to his daughter and sought to resuscitate her earlier interest in the performance.

It was to no avail. Came another tug at his sleeve—another whispered conference. He looked at his neighbours. The attention of each was riveted on the rings. And he gave his little girl certain sibilant paternal advice and tried his best to look unconcerned as she followed it.

Then he glanced down. To his horror there was a masculine foot and a masculine trouser-leg projecting below the bench where his daughter sat. She had serenely turned her blue eyes back to the final acts of the show. He felt his face flushing and prepared for either a fracas or an apology. Neither eventuated. The foot and leg remained motionless. Their owner cracked a peanut and consumed it with relish.

The father finally turned to look squarely at this paragon of self-restraint. And he knew then that his luck was in. The man had a wooden leg!



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Home Lover's Club Terms -- one-fourth now, balance in three equal monthly amounts. No extras!

Second Floor

Simpson's



DAMMIT THEY'RE
TRYING THAT MON-
KEY GLAND EXTRACT
ON EVERYTHING.

The leucocytes and phagocytes
Were busy playing ball.
Amoebic lymphs like rotund nymphs,
Held bloody carnival.

“Heigh-ho, there, Bill”, a liver pill
Shrieked out in gastric glee,
While overhead, carotids led
A pancreatic spree.

Above the mist with spectral twist
The protoplasm zooms,
While guttural glands with horrid hands
Chase scalpels thru the glooms.

“Migod!” I cried and clutched my side,
My forehead felt like ice.
I choked a scream—a doctor’s dream
Is far from Paradise.

THE FIVE PERIODS IN A MAN'S LIFE

T R Y	- - - - -	10—20
Tri-weekly	- - - - -	20—30
Try weekly	- - - - -	30—40
Try weakly	- - - - -	40—50
Try	- - - - -	50—

BOOK REVIEWS

Opinions With Which I Disagree—by John Hepburn.
This book comes beautifully bound in purple plaid. It is curt, clear, concise.
Sleep I Have Always Sought—by Dr. Van Wyck.
Contains many glimpses of mankind in the making. A useful book for the family man.
Manual of Practical Anatomy—by Cunningham.
The three volumes of this solidly bound work will be welcomed by all in search of a hobby. An ideal gift for the handyman.
Crimes I have Solved—by Max Crawford.
A sequel to “Stories I Never Tell”. Excessively interesting.
Anatomy, Descriptive and Applied—by Gray.
A book so thrilling and gripping, that it will keep you tense till long after bed-time. Here will be found truth and stark realism. The facts are faced as never before.
Classes We Have Anaesthetized—by the Staff of the Department of Pharmacology.
A mere jumble of words.
The Physiological Basis of Medical Practice—by Best and Taylor.
This dinky little volume should be in every student’s pocket. A concise introduction to the subject.

THE BRIDGE ETIQUETTE

Pick up your cards as dealt so you can be ready to bid ahead of the others. Never hurry. Try several cards on each trick until sure which one you prefer. Occasionally ask what is trump, as it shows you are interested in the game. Help partner with suggestions. Don't show lack of interest when dummy. Talk about various subjects during play, and what you would do if you were Dean of Medicine.

Feel free to criticise your partner, and note the improvement in his playing.

When you pick up a hand with no pictures say, "I wonder how long this is going to last."

If you have nothing above a nine, mention the Duke of Yarborough and his famous leap.

When you have five and a half trick say, "I bid two clubs, partner, two clubs. That's my opening bid!"

Quack's Advice for Preventing Colds After a Hair-cut—"After the hair is cut, singe them in order to close the ends. This prevents catching cold in the head through the open ends of the hairs."

* * *

A Doctor is usually a pretty good guy for a while. And then he becomes a Specialist.

* * *

One for Ripley—There is a director of the Bureau of Venereal Diseases in a West Virginia City, whose name is Virginia Dye Virgin!

* * *

"Where is your brother?" "Oh, he's at the University." "What's he taking up there, Law or Medicine?" "Nope! He was born with two heads. They got him in a jar in the laboratory."

* * *

DEATH THY STING, PLEASE

With calm resignation his nervous prostration
 He bore without grumbling or moan
 And swallowed his physic and suffered the phthisic
 Without a complaint or a groan;
 When he knew that the answer was probably cancer
 He gave out no utterance of pain,
 He was actually urgin' some neurosurgeon
 To probe at the base of his brain:
 His twinges sciatical both sharp and emphatical
 Caused but the smallest complaint,
 A sharp urethritis with a touch of cystitis
 He bore with the grace of a saint;
 He suffered injections as bad as infections
 Until all his veins were thrombosed,
 His biliary colic he took as a frolic
 When it was over he dozed;
 He was labelled neurotic,—some said psychotic,
 All medical laws he defied,
 A question imprudent asked a medical student
 And he turned over,—and died.



GOTTA GET RID OF IT
 SOMEHOW — MY LIL
 WIFE WON'T STAND
 FOR IT.



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The Daffydil Committee

ON BEHALF OF

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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Founded 1895

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First Year Skit

THE SUB-CONTRACTOR

AN IBSEN PLAY. (Done out of the original Swedish with an axe.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Announcer	D. Bryce
Slump—a builder	C. Robson
Vamp—his wis wife	K. Shapiro
Dump—a professor of Thermodynamics	W. Hair
Simp—a maid servant	M. Kronick
Yoop—miscarried Volga Boatman	T. Davison
Scoop—second miscarried Volga Boatman	J. Scott
Droop—a stage hand	R. Baker
Pastor Gymp—a pastor	
Cramp—his mother-in-law	

And as many more with names of that kind and with occupations of that sort as there is room for on this page. Some of them don't get into the play at all, but that doesn't matter. An Ibsen Dramatis Personae is a thing by itself.

Scene—A Room in Slump's House.

Second Year Skit

4T1 Goes Hysterically Historical With:

LABOUR TROUBLE IN THE HAREM

OR

BIRTH OF A NOTION

OR (to stretch a point)

BABY-LONIAN PHANTASY

CAST

Gluteus Maximus III—King of Babylonia	I. Schiffer
Gluteus MinimusII—the King's Son	L. S. Kramer
Ophilmeas—Court Danseuse	H. Bolley
Acastrate—Eunuch	H. Taylor
Alsokut—Second Eunuch	G. Walker
Proprionicus—High Priest	D. Aitken
Urachus—Chamerlain	T. Black
Stooge	I. Weingarten
Al Salvarsan—Court Physician	B. Winter

Third Year Presents

ALWAYS A MOTHER BUT NEVER A BRIDE

OR

WHO SHOOK THE ROSE BUSH?

White meat courtesy of Tellson and McGoey—
successors of Cohen and Kelly!

CAWST AS PER SEEIN' THEM!

Nursie.....	Weddell
Dr. Polly Parrott, S.Q.U.O.K.P.D.Q.....	Prowse
Frustrated Female.....	Jones
Dr. A. Besoin, D.E.....	Wilson
Mr. X.....	Stirrett
Crypt Orchid.....	McGill
Dr. Donit.....	Hildes
A. Nutt.....	Lindsey
Dr. Rotts.....	Tellson
Stale Annie.....	Rotstein
Plumber.....	Stirrett
Gone with the wind.....	Kerr
Dr. Fitch.....	Hildes

Fourth Year Tosses You

NUT NO 606

Action takes place at Salvar Sanatorium (Port Credit)

Scene I—The Office
Scene II—The Playroom

Dr. Neo Salvar, N.B. (who runs the Sanatorium).....	B. Hallam
Joe the Preacher (Nut No. 606—just escaped).....	B. Laski
Snoop (a detective).....	C. Sheard
Peep (a detective).....	R. Taylor
Stooge.....	S. McClatchie
Poet.....	L. Lawson
Sleep-Walker.....	W. Wales
Alcoholics.....	J. Rathbun; P. Kinsey

ONLY IN PHOTOGRAPHS
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Fifth Year Skit Present
A Dialectable Drama

‘ ‘ C A R M E N P L U S ’ ’
Not a Serological Report But Not Really an Opera
by
W. BRESLIN
CAST

Soldier	Bill Apted	Prof. Fuller Flatus
Soldier	Art Peart	Announcer
Soldier	Brick Sloan	Antonio Santorini Delzarro
Waiter	Harry Taube	Sen Sen
Jose	Pete Baillie	Hon. Cedric Cholomondley
Carmen	Win Breslin	Sergei Petrovitch Sonovovitch
Benny the Bullfighter	Alec Smith	Hans Von Wassermann
	Don Graham	Georges Pericles Aphrodisias
	Bill Mitchell	Patient
Scene I	Valencia—An Outdoor Cafe	
Scene II	Fuller Flatus College “The Arrival”	
Scene III	“ “ “ “Sleep”	
Scene IV	“ “ “ “Awakening”	
Scene V	“ “ “ “Departure”	

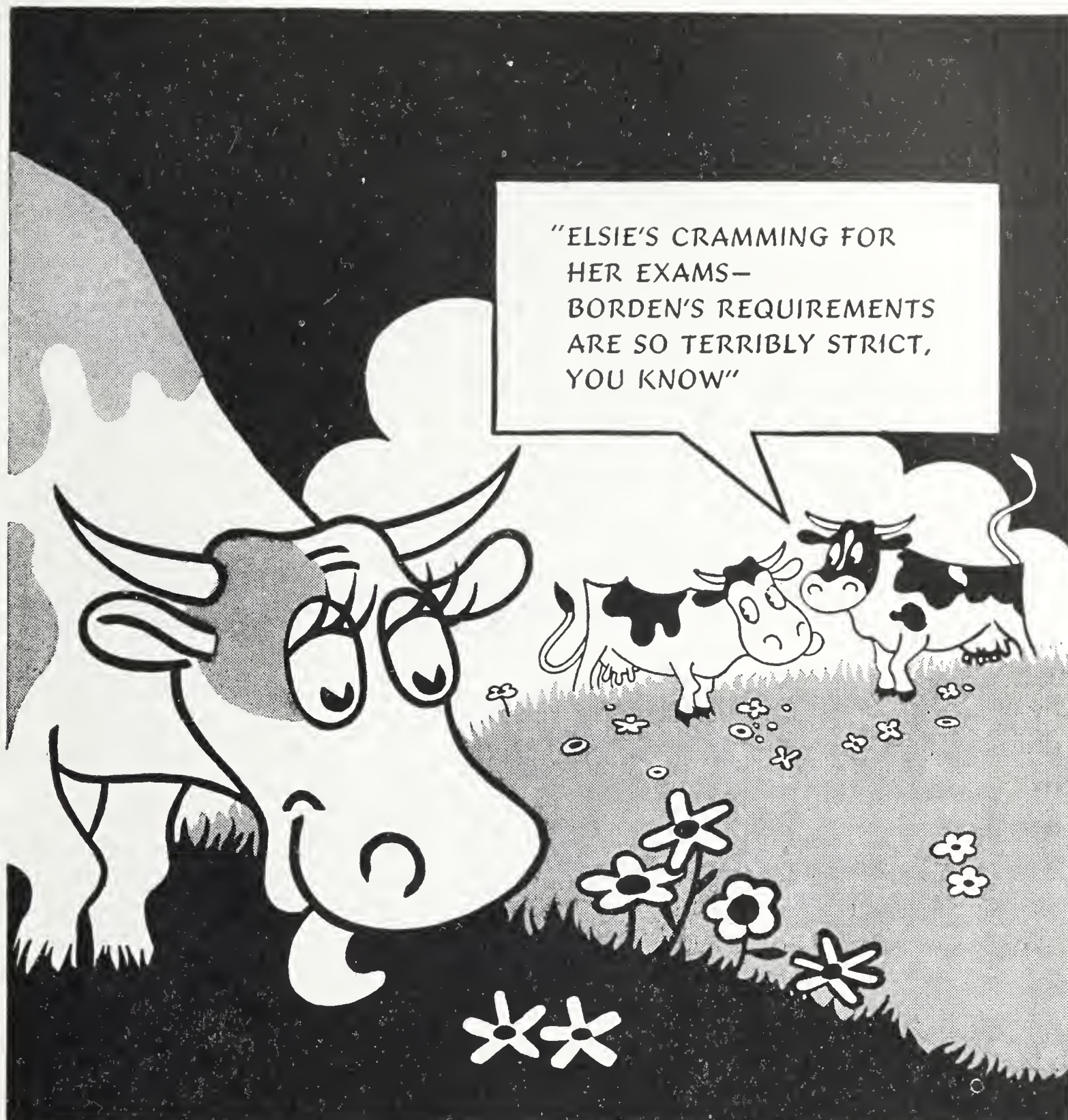
AND IF YOU CAN FIGURE THIS ONE OUT YOU'RE BETTER MEN THAN WE ARE!

Sixth Year Presents
T H E S H O W G O E S O N
being a skit
in which our revered teachers
are portrayed as Freaks of Daffy dil.
CAST

Barker	W. Mustard	Dr. J. Hepburn	J. Cathie
Dr. W. R. Campbell	W. Feasby	Dr. W. L. Holman	J. Wilson
Dr. W. E. Gallie	A. Elliott	Dr. E. A. Linnell	F. Dick
Dr. J. C. B. Grant	W. Toone	Dr. D. W. Magner	E. Campbell
Dr. Duncan Graham	V. Collins	Dr. W. A. Scott	A. Sturgeon
Dr. R. R. Graham	H. Robinson	Houseman	M. Green
Dr. B. Hannah	M. McCausland	Dancer	R. Jung

The Medettes Present
T H E T O O T H W I L L O U T
A Playlet
by W. T. MUSTARD
Directed by Miss G. C. Maloney
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Doctor Yankem	Isabel McBeth
Nurse Ketchim	Bessie Stern
Miss U. N. Conscious	Ruth Von Geel
Mrs. S. Terile	Mary Albertson
Mr. Comatose	Lilly Sugarman
Miss Virginia	Lottie Levine
Miss Dreadnaught	Helen Holden
Mrs. M. Paris II	Dodie Prowse
Mr. Cy. S. Titus	Florence Griffiths



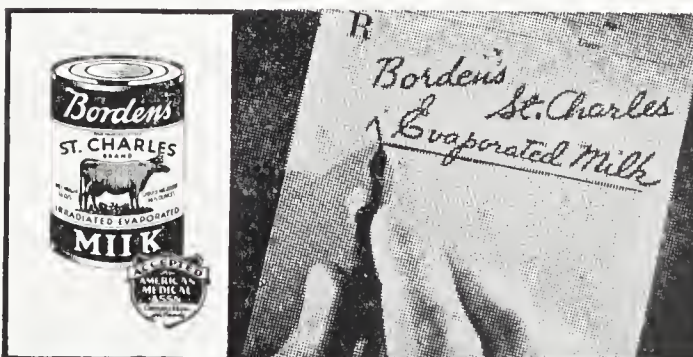
SERIOUSLY... a cow has to pass some pretty stern tests on a Borden-approved farm. But otherwise her life is rosy—fed on selected grasses, housed in a clean and airy barn, visited often by Borden farm inspectors and veterinarians.

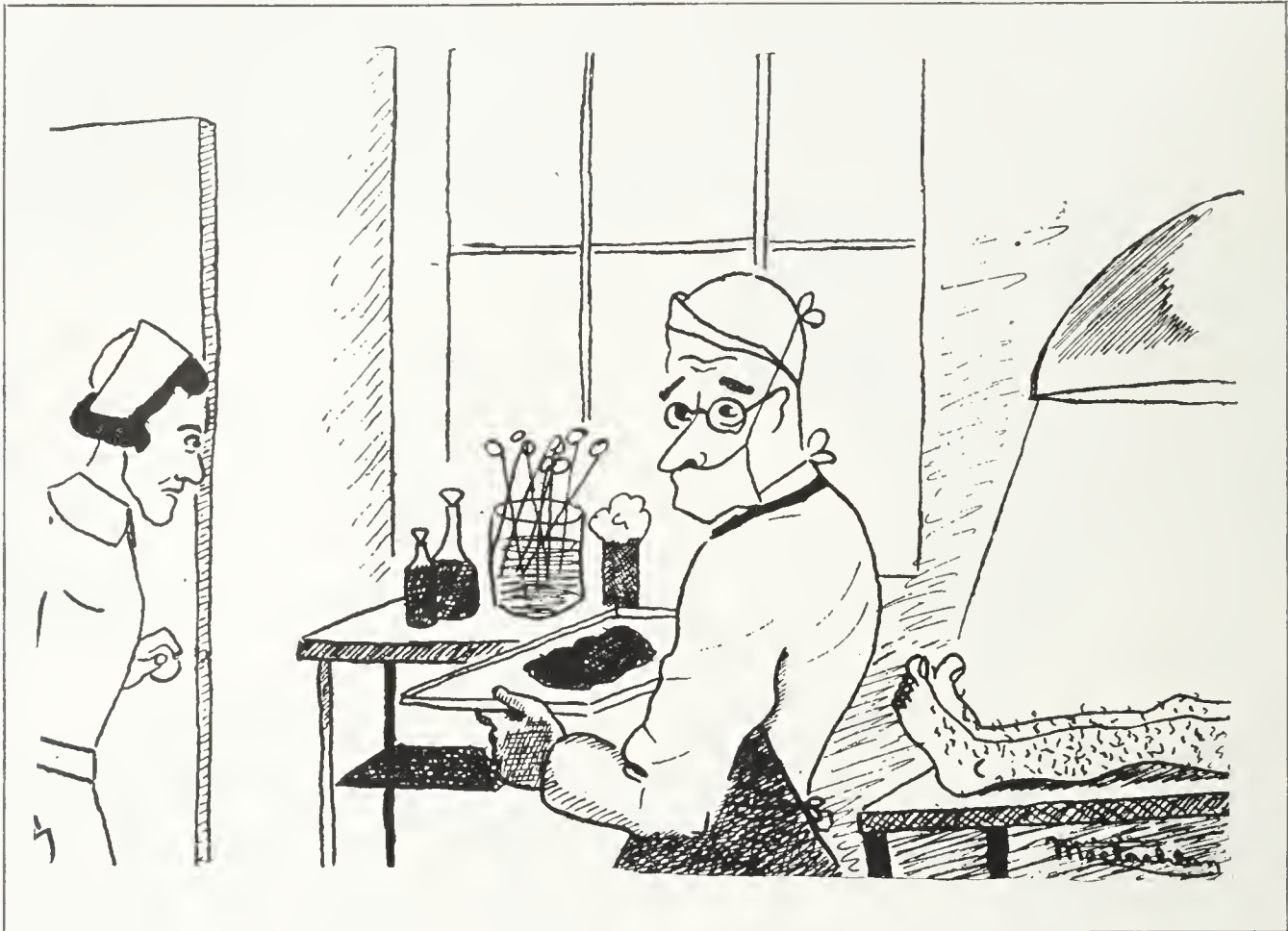
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OPERATION!—MY GOD I THOUGHT IT WAS AN AUTOPSY.

AN ADDRESS ON UNDRESSING

The public attention has lately been drawn
 To the wearing apparel that ladies have on.
 Not as much to the wearing, but rather at night
 As to if they remove them to hubbies' delight.
 Now it seems to me, that doctors should be
 The ones to deal with this question.
 If marital hurdles, by obstinate girdles
 Are caused—well, it's just a suggestion.
 But doctors see so much of this sort of thing
 That to a brassiere-pantie complex solution might bring
 When as students, in wards, they awkwardly fumble
 With Gordian Knots and silently mumble
 Profanities and nurses' skill they disparage,
 Thinking of future days, when marriage
 Will make the removal of clothes not so active,
 But something to gaze at, something attractive;
 And later when pregnant women, weighing tons
 Peel off large pink bloomers to expose future sons,
 I suppose its essential to those who are obstetric
 But it sure plays hell if you're at all aesthetic.
 So Doc's the man for the problem, it's plain to you
 From a purely negative point of view.

W. B.

HYSTERICAL HISTORIES

Name—Miss Dolly Delight. Age—18.

Occupation—Modesty forbids.

Chief Complaint—Amenorrhea,

Morning sickness,

Complete and utter surprise.

History of Present Illness—The patient states that on a Saturday night about two months ago she went to a dance with a Medical student named Schultze. Towards the latter part of the evening she became giddy, hilarious and fairly completely uninhibited. She finally passed into a state of semi-consciousness and remembered nothing more until the house detective roused her the next morning and asked her to leave.

Personal History—The patient lives away from her family saying that “she’s not in the way of her family, she’s just in the family way.”

Past Illnesses—Has had a remarkably healthy life which she attributes to the long and frequent periods that she has remained in bed.

Functional—Head and Neck—Nothing the matter with her head, but she complains bitterly about her neck. She describes him as a man utterly lacking in gentlemanly characteristics—to use her own terse phrase—“a bounder.”

Chest and Heart—Negative.

Gastro-intestinal—Nothing remarkable except a most extraordinary sharpening of appetite whenever out with a gentleman friend.

G. U.—Complains in a minor way of occupational frequency.

Nervous system—Her mother says she has always been high strung and has intimated that as far as she is concerned it wasn’t quite high enough. As a young girl she always preferred playing with boys rather than with girls and sees no reason why she should change.

Physical—Head and Neck—Beautiful eyes, good teeth and soft, luxurious hair. Strangely enough her eyes react to light and accommodation.

Chest—Inspection—Extremely well developed and most symmetrical. Owing to some doubt in diagnosis frequent examinations were necessary to bring some cheer into an otherwise drab day.

Palpation—No abnormalities.

Palpation—Nothing remarkable.

Palpation—Gee, I’m glad I went into Medicine!

Abdomen—Cute as hell. The patient exhibits no remarkable anatomical anomaly.

Local Examination—See me at my office.

Nervous System—The patient is not particularly intelligent, but makes up for this in her whole-hearted willingness to co-operate—a tendency bordering on the pathological. No cranial nerve lesions were demonstrable. Her motor system is well developed with moderate hypertrophy of the glutei muscles. Her sensory system, in my opinion, has been the cause of all her trouble. Her reflexes are active and when elicited in some particular places produce a general systemic reaction which is almost irresistible. She has been tested from A-scheim to Z-ondek.

Diagnosis—Ask your grandmother.

W. B.

Sign at the Royal York Hotel:—

“Caution! All red lights lead to fire escape.”

PREDICTIONS FOR NEXT YEAR

There will be the usual number of arts students protesting Daffydil as a debasing institution.

There will be just as many Meds who will swear that some day they're "gonna sock the Bursar."

Dr. Holman will scare the living daylights out of at least half of his bacteriology class.

There will be the same number of professors telling their classes that *theirs* is *the* most important subject of all, "no matter what anybody tells you."

Dr. Magner will again hold the record for speedy lecturing, with his usual 8,000 words per minute.

There will be the usual rumors about making Medicine a 10 year course—and about a new cloakroom at the General.

Dr. Gallie will again assert that there are too many students in the clinical years.

Dr. Ryerson will again assert that the Faculty aren't going to do any wholesale ploughing in first year.

There will be the usual absence of Freshman Initiation.

Fewer Third year students will write up their own Biochem. lab. books—and neither one will be worth a damn.

There will be just as few 4th year students do their 24-hour test as ever.

There will be just as many Fifth year students suffering from Ischial Bursitis.

There will be the usual number of lectures skipped by the usual number of students and the usual number of irritable professors will have the doors locked at the usual hour.

The Editor of Epistaxis will write the damned thing himself as usual.

Every professor will be telling the students "When I was a student, about this time of year the wards were full of typhoid."

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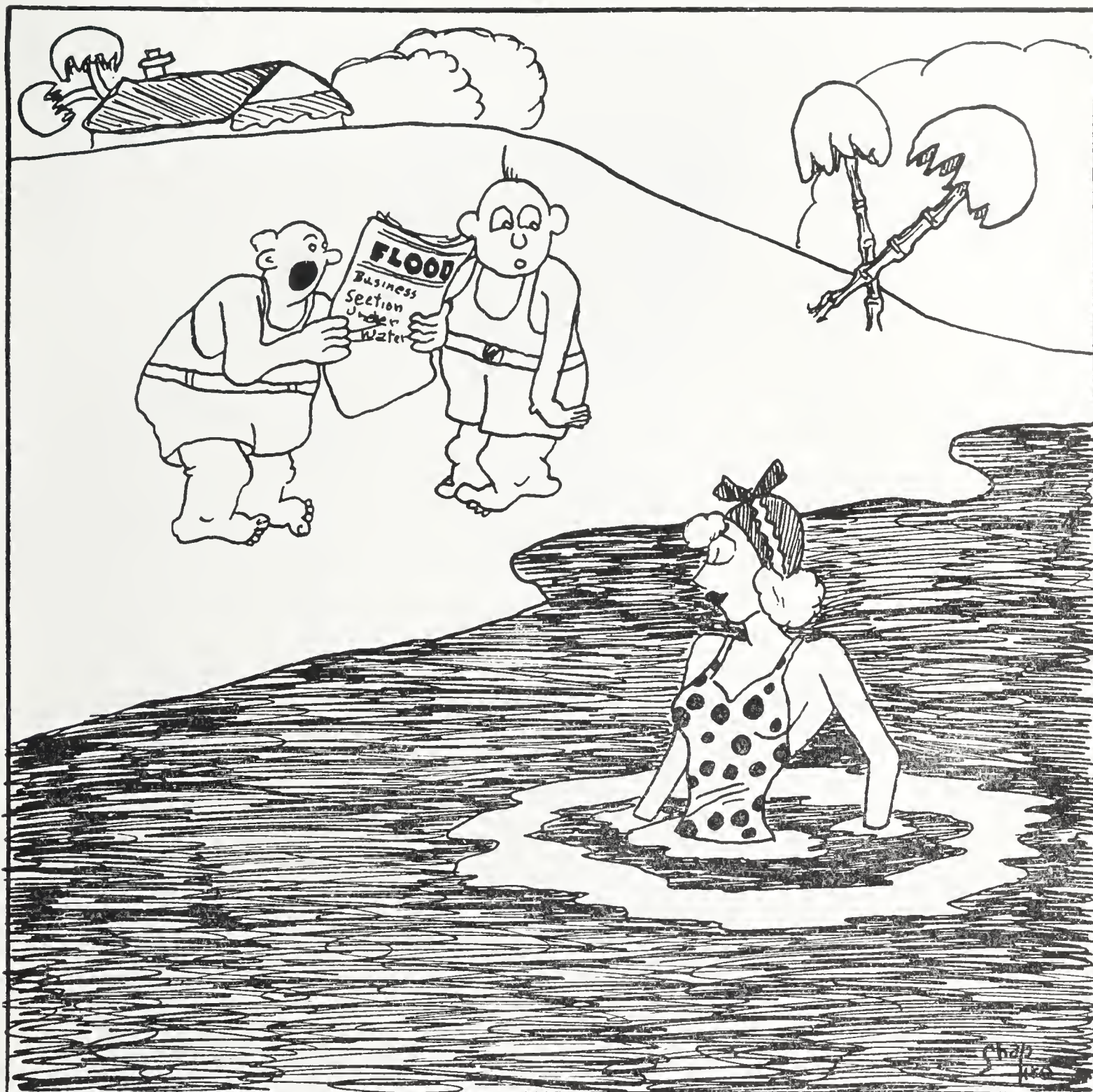
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LOOK BILL!—THE BUSINESS SECTION IS UNDER WATER.

DANGEROUS DAN MICROBE

“A bunch of the germs were hitting it up in the bronchial saloon.
Two bugs on the edge of the larynx
Were jazzing a rag-time tune,
While back of the teeth, in a solo game,
Sat dangerous Ack-Kerchoo.
And watching his pulse was his lite-o'-love,
The lady that's known as Flu!”
—Here the author's inspiration gave out!

In response to numerous demands on the part of Heart-Hungry Medical students, Epistaxis has decided to open its *own* Date Bureau. Yes, we know there's another one on the campus, but that is merely for Arts men,—and why? I ask you WHY should Medical men have to get help from Arts men? It's outrageous, malignant, decrepit, and also unconstitutional. Yes sir. We like our girls to be good—yes, to be sure—. So, girls, avail yourselves of this heaven-sent opportunity. Applications are to be dropped in the little can in Room 116 Anatomy Building. No fee.

APPLICATION FOR A DATE

NAME
ADDRESS
PHONE HEIGHT
COLOR: WHITE..... BLACK..... COMPLEXION.....
1. Is your figure: Good..... Bad..... Indifferent.....
2. Do you: (a) Dance
 (b) Drink
 (c) Neck
 (d) Make Whoopee?
3. Are you married?.....If so, does your husband travel?.....
4. Do you live with your parents.....or do you have your own Apartment?.....
5. How much of a drop is it to the ground?.....
6. Can you prepare breakfast?.....
7. Do you get up early?.....
8. If you live at home, indicate on diagram exact location of:
 (a) Parents' Bedroom, (b) light switch, (c) davenport or sofa.
9. If you live in your apartment and have a room-mate, ask for Form E-10892
 for room-mate.
10. Will you do anything once?.....What?.....
11. Will you do anything more than once?.....What?.....
12. What do you estimate your capacity for the following to be:
 (a) Wine..... (c) Gin (e) Beer.....
 (b) Cocktails..... (d) Rye..... (f) Scotch.....
13. What is taxi fare from your home to the principal hotels?.....
14. Have you plenty of the following:
 (a) Shoes..... (b) Stockings..... (c) Lingerie.....
Draw diagram here *Please do not write in this space*

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GUS WHO?

RANDOM THOUGHTS OR QUACK-QUACK-QUACK

From Chicago Tribune—Mrs. Wesley Jones of Nashua, Indiana, swallowed a pin 53 years ago. It came out of her right ear Thursday.

From Bloomington Times—Miss M. Cilmors and her sister Arladene had their tonsils removed Saturday evening at the Dr. L. M. Johnson hospital and were able to attend Bible School Sunday morning.

From the Quincy Herald—An 8 ounce girl was born 4½ months preliminary to-day to Mr. and Mrs. Terrence Borrelli, of Long Island, at the Van Wyck Hospital in Jamaica.

Ad in Mother's Home Life—Physician, 32, wants woman with income \$5,000 year. Box 288, Elizabeth, N.J.

From the Manila Tribune (Philippine Islands)—One irresistible afternoon in November of 1931, in the murmuring forests of the Cemeteris del Norte, Pedro Jarmillo touched a lady in what is, from a military standpoint, considered a woman's most strategic point, viewed from the rear. Pedro was a minor at that time and was given suspended sentence. Attained his majority, and out of his adolescence, Pedro the other day again tried his hand, this time on Catalence Domingo, and the lady retorted with a resounding whack and a scream for the police. In time, perhaps, he will get the knack of it.

PRIMAE VIAE

Primae viae, ductus vitae,
Has e'er poet sung of thee?
—Of thy rich digestive juices,
—Of thy automatic sluices,
Acting all in harmony?

Duodenal glands of Brünner;
Rich as jewels in a shrine:
Follicles and crypts sub-mucal,
—Grander far than palace ducal,
All the works of Art outshine.

Epithelial cells columnar,
Line thine arches far and wide:
Sentinels on outpost duty—
Gems of protoplasmic beauty—
Laved by every passing tide.

Here the villi dip their noses
Gifted with a wondrous power;
Not of smell; but of selection:—
Of acceptance or rejection
Of the products of the hour.

Noble villi! Who instructs ye
Thus to choose our boon or bane?
How do you secure your treasure?
How transmit it at your leisure?
Questions yet to ask in vain.

Organs delicate and moulded
On a microscopic plan,
Working transformations mighty:
Is it not the ductus vitae,
After all, that makes the man?

See that particle of butter,
Now an oil-globe on its way:
The saliva lightly kissed it,
But the gastric juice has missed it,
And the purling stream has whisked
it,
In a duodenal bay.

There, coquetting with a portion
Of the undigested rice,
The hepatic fluid meets them—
Pancreatic juices greet them,
And they're married in a trice.

Thus emulsified and chylous,
Higher still the process goes,
Villus—lacteal—lymphatic:
Vital, chemical, and static,
'Till to bioplasm it grows.

Primae viae—Ductus Vitae,
Half the story is unsung.
Uncongenial much that passes,
Hydro-sulphurets and gases,
Faecal matters from thee wrung.

From the folds of deep mucosa
Creep a thousand tiny rills;
Bringing with them, as they issue,
Waste of nerve, debris of tissue,
Else the source of many ills.

Happy he whose daily promptings
Urge to defaecation due;
Needing neither pills nor potions,
Regular in his devotions,
Setting out on life anew.

Patient sew'r! What wrongs oppress
thee,
Glutted to excess we dine;
With tasks herculean we perplex thee,
At unseemly times we vex thee,
And frustrate thy high design.

But around the deep mucosa
Other structures closely cling;
Nerve and muscle fibre blending,
Fine elastic tissue lending,
Strength and firmness to the ring.

Each performs a special function;
Each has secrets of its own.
Have they rivalries to smother?
Do they whisper, one another,
What is known to them alone?

Primae viae: Ductus Vitae,
Let them scorn thy use who can:
Source of radiant health and beauty,
I my homage pay, and duty:
Thou it is who makes the man.



DRIPS FROM THE BEER KEG

Patient—"I *do* try to relax and make my mind a blank, Doctor, but I can't help wondering what I'm thinking about.

* * *

Dr. Crawford—"What would you do if, after artificial respiration, a drowning person showed signs of life?"

Student—"Give him a drink of water."

* * *

The Doctor was questioning the new nurse about her latest patient. "Have you kept a chart of his progress?" "No," blushing replied the nurse, "but I can show you my diary."

* * *

Sick Visitor—"So you've been in every hospital in town, eh? Betcha haven't been in the Wimmen's Hospital."

Octogenarian—"Boy, I was born there!"

* * *

Blonde Waitress—"I have stewed kidneys, boiled tongue, fried liver, and pig's feet.

Dr. Robinson—"Don't tell me your troubles sister. Give me a cheese sandwich."

* * *

Dr. Trow—"The diseases to be discussed this week include syphilis, chancre, vulvitis, warts, and other venereal infections."

Student—"Doctor, would you mind repeating. I've got the first three of those, but not the others."



BERTH CONTROL

Many deceptive devices are before the public at the present time for berth control, but none of these devices are of any value. One has only to review the records of the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. for the past five years to ascertain how many miscarriages of justice have taken place. Whether one is on top or below, in the upper or lower position, the story is the same. There seems to be nothing which is interfering with this public injustice. Many attempts were made to uncover the C.P.R. scandal of '32 but all attempts were aborted.

The public are crying for some sure method, some method which would make travelling safe—a safe method. This has been put before the international pullman board but berths still are in the same condition as before. In many provinces of the dominion travelling is impossible, a fault which can be laid at the feet of inadequate berth control. No person is going to spend sleepless night after sleepless night in worry, because they are not certain that everything will be all right.

It has been suggested that a sliding panel be placed in such a position that the berth entry be closed,—but this would no doubt be too stuffy for the average person. A steel grill was suggested, but several persons objected to this since it gave one the feeling of imprisonment; and those who were afraid of being drugged in their sleep pointed out that injection could take place through this grill. This was abandoned. A stateroom is one very good solution which is safe, but one has to be able to afford this or come to some term of agreement with the railway, and many do not wish to come to term. There has been a great deal of controversy as to whether the upper or lower position is the more dangerous and it is now generally conceded that the lower position is more dangerous, since it is easily accessible even to the amateur.

Privacy is an all important question and one which is close to the social contact. Particularly between the upper and lower positions which make berth entry an accomplishment of little difficulty.

And so this great social problem remains unsolved, and sleep on pullman cars is a hit and miss sort of thing, privacy impossible, personal security an advantage only at great embarrassment, and honour openly unguarded.

To sum up briefly we have:

1. Total abstinence—this seems to offer the only escape but it must of certainty result in economic loss and failure of the railway.
2. The state room—this appears to be the best solution.
3. Coming to terms with the company—this is one method but may result in miscarriages of justice.
4. Sliding panel over berth entry—this is too uncomfortable.
5. Steel grill—as pointed out above much harm may be done.
6. Position—this has little effect, the upper position offers a slight barrier to access, in that it is more difficult.

And so in conclusion, may we point out that this problem of berth control is as yet inadequately dealt with, and, although many experiments are being carried out, both officially and otherwise, the problem may be quaintly expressed as being as yet in its infancy.

* * *

First Polar explorer—"Migosh, I've got a positive Wasserman!"
Second Polar explorer—"Quick, whereja get it?"

NU UPSILON TAU SIGMA!

Fraternities grow in colleges,
 And,
 You must be very careful to say "fraternities",
 And not "frats",
 Because of a certain dignity surrounding a fratERNITY,
 And a lot of sacred little this—and—thats,
 Which are insulted if you call
 Fraternities "frats".
 So remember
 Not to forget!
 Fraternity men shake hands in a special fraternity way
 With one another
 And when a man is a fraternity man all the other fraternity men in his fraternity call him
 A fraternity brother
 —Just as we call college "Alma Mater",
 Because "Alma" means . . .
 Because "Alma" means . . .
 Well, ANYHOW, because
 "Mater" means Mother.
 —And they wear pins!
 —Yes, I know so does your baby cousin,
 But these are not pins like those which you buy on a little card for a dime a dozen!
 Nossir!
 These are FRATERNITY pins—
 (And please remember the "ernity" thing
 On the end of the "frat" part)
 And they are very lovely and hard to get away from fraternity men because in order
 to get a fraternity pin away from a fraternity man you have to give him your heart
 (I mean become engaged, upon
 A small scale).
 And for very young people, an engagement, even to a fraternity man, after the first
 few months
 Grows stale.
 But if you can get a fraternity pin away from a fraternity man without becoming his
 betrothed,
 Then to you I hereby dedicate a very loud but respectful three cheers,
 On account of because that is just exactly what I have been trying to do for no less than
 seventeen years!!!

ISABEL KNEELAND in "The Montrealer".

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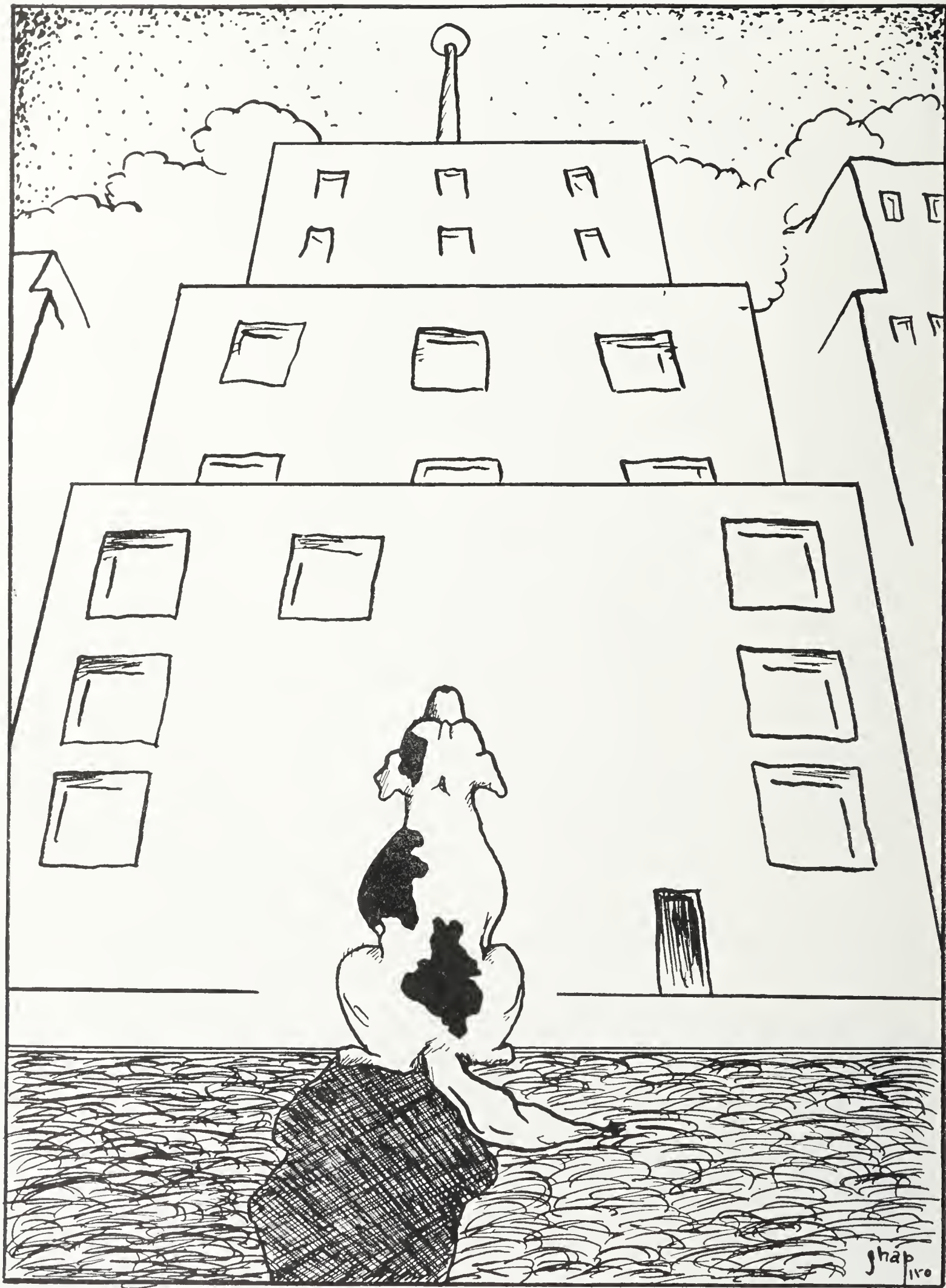
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SHUCKS-

COLOURED PREACHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WEEK'S SERVICES

1. Directly after dis 'ere sermon dar will be baptism of one adult and one adultress.

2. Tuesday at 6 p.m. de Sociated Benevolent Society will give an ice Cream Social in de basement. All de ladies givin' milk will please come early.

3. Wednesday de Ladies' Literary Society will meet in de usual place. Sister Johnson will sing "Lay me in my Little Bed" accompanied by the Pastor.

4. Thursday der will be a meeting of the Little Mothers' Club, any sister wishing to become a Little Mother will please meet the Pastor in his study. I do hopes all you sisters will join.

5. Friday de Ladies' Aid Society will serve a Bean Supper in de basement. Music will follow.

6. Next Sunday morning, services will be held in the north end of the town while the evening services will be held in the south end. Children will be baptized at both ends.

7. Dis being Easter Sunday, I will ask Sister White to lay an egg on de pulpit.

8. Dis 'ere service will now close by singing "Little Drops of Water." Some sister will now start Little Drops and all de congregation will join in.

TYPICAL FOURTH YEAR CLINIC

Dr. Fletcher—"What is the character of the murmur?"

Student No. 1—"Rough and blowing."

Dr. Fletcher—"Quite right. And what is the propagation?"

Student No. 2—"To the axilla, sir."

Dr. Fletcher—"Yes, yes. And what is the time?"

Student No. 3—"Ten to twelve."

(CURTAIN)

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THE AUGUR SPEAKS

An Augur is a person that foretells the future by observing the entrails of animals.

In that far off, now, September,

Seems so long! but you remember
When we first trudged up those weary flights of stairs,
And they gave us each a number;
Asked our pals about the summer;
And had to sit on stools instead of chairs.

How with awe we saw the table,
And recalled each nasty fable,
As we gazed upon the shrouded figure there.
First we read the fiber label,
Took a peek, who still felt able,
And wondered why he hadn't any hair.

Then we tried to use discretion
When we read the bold direction
That said that we should cut from here to there.
And the "Demi" took objection
To our rather weak dissection,
And one slash laid the Pectoralis bare.

So pretty soon we liked it,
And no longer tried to hike it
To take in all the football games and shows.
And to really, truly spike it,
Found a thing that ne're was like it,
And had the "Demis" standing there in rows.

Then came examinations.
Nearly gave us palpitations
When the "bell" rang out its little tale of woe.
And we tried to give relations
And we cursed our dissipations
Of the fall term, when we found our marks were low.

Then we plugged with rare old fury.
Till our heads were "bowed and gory",
And the midnight oil sizzled and ran low,
And we felt so very sorry
When we read the whole sad story
"I regret" . . . , and calmly feinting mumbled, "Oh—!"

Now the moral of it all:
Keep your eye upon the ball,
Forget the gals and liquor until May.
If you cannot tell the "gall"
From the fallen "testicle"
There's really nothing more for me to say.

M. P. T.

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Self-Lubrication	Invisible Water Pump	And New Rear End	

The Management assures the Public there will be no New Models during the balance of the year.

WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT

A young couple, about to be married, were looking at a house in the country. After satisfying themselves that it was suitable they departed home. During the return journey the young lady was very thoughtful and when asked the reason for her silence, she replied: "Did you notice a W.C.?" (Meaning water closet). He, having not done so, ultimately wrote to the landlord, inquiring where it was situated. The landlord did not understand what a W.C. meant and after thinking for some time, came to the conclusion that it meant "Wesleyan Church" and replied as follows:

"Very much regret the delay in replying to your letter but have pleasure informing you that the W.C. is situated 9 miles from the house and is capable of seating 250 persons. This is unfortunate for you if you are in the habit of going regularly, but you will, no doubt, be glad to know that a great many people take their lunch and make a day of it. Others who cannot spare the time go by auto, but generally they are in such a hurry, they cannot wait. The last time my wife and I went was six years ago and we had to stand all the time. It may interest you to know that a bazaar is to be given to furnish the W.C. with plush seats and the members feel that it is a long felt want and I may mention that it pains me greatly not to go more often.

Yours truly,

THE LANDLORD.



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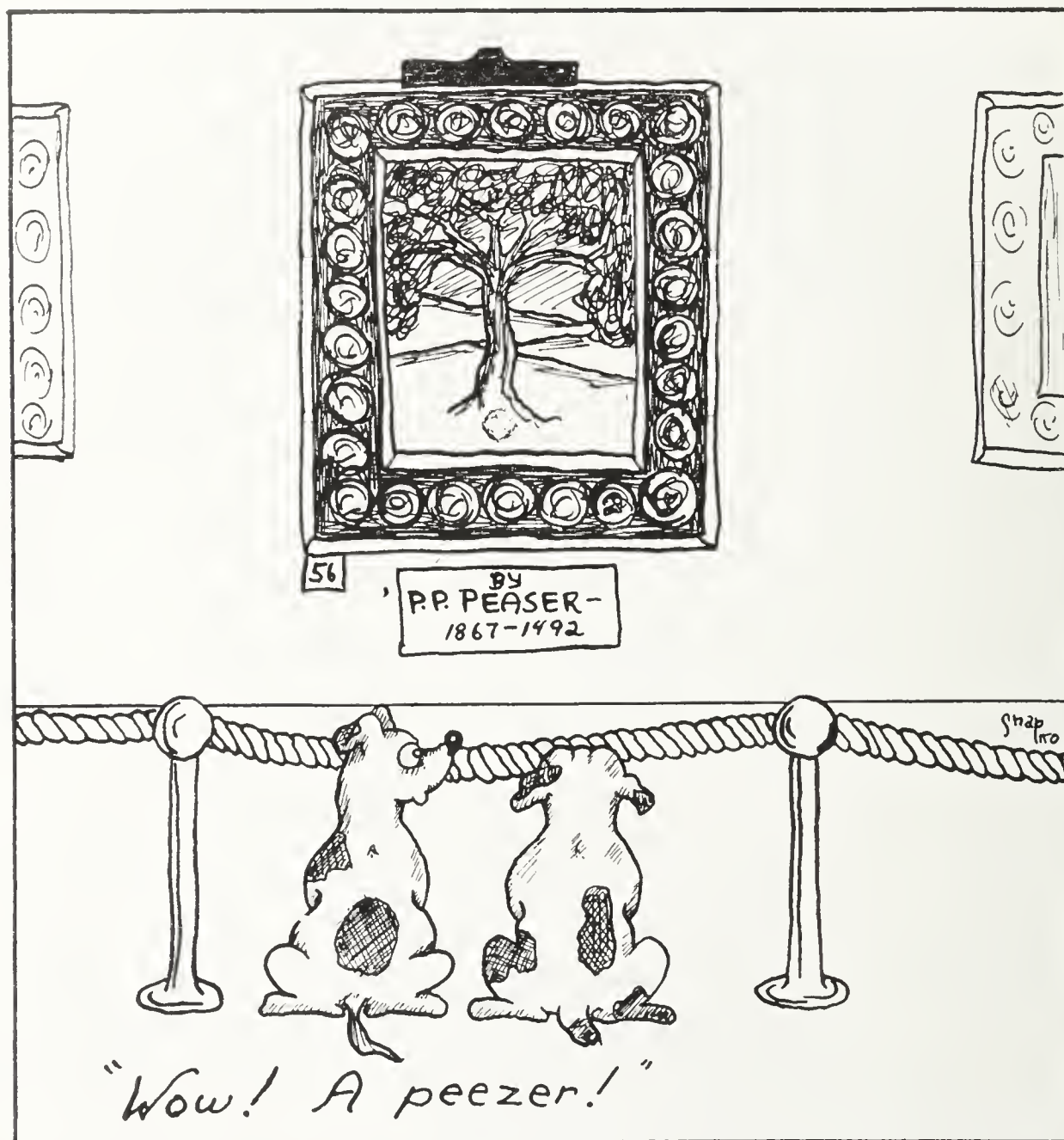
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OF

Toronto University

to enjoy the comforts and facilities of the King Edward when supper dancing, or planning, bridges, teas, dances, dinners or other functions.

P. KIRBY HUNT,
Manager.



PROBLEM

Excuse me one moment Dr. Bott, I'm Smith in your psychology class. Professor, I'm in great need of your help; it's like this; I bought two guppies and it's got me all mixed up, that is not the fish but their names. First I named them Take it and Leave it but that wasn't so good, so I changed their names to Once and Twice; so when people would say "Come here little fish" I'd say "You have to call his Twice and the other one Once." But now I can call them both once because I realized that in naming them Once and Twice, I had named them both twice, once before. I realized that I could name one Once Before and the other Twice Before because I've already named them once before and twice. Now neither comes when I call Twice and both come when I call Once and Oh Professor, hey!

* * *

Varsity Reporter—I've got a perfect news story.

Student—How come? Man bite dog?

Varsity Reporter—No, a bull shot a professor.

* * *

Many of our engineers are spending a lot of time tinkering with the misses in their motors.

* * *

Prof.—I will not begin this lecture until the room settles down.

Student—Go home and sleep it off, prof.

SOLILOQUY

Now it has often been said of Medical students,
 That they lack prudence.
 But just as long as we go away in May, and in September or October start
 coming back,
 There's one thing we won't lack,
 And that is humour.
 And while some tumors might be said to be malignant,
 Medical Humour might be said to be benignant.
 For what I mean is, we Medical students have not much cash;
 And are therefore chary,
 And when other people feel its time to marry
 We sublimate our desires, and crack jokes of a not very very moral style.
 Or drink beer and smile,
 Or drink gin
 And grin.

Now if you are an Arts student or something lesser
 Like an ess P esser
 You may think our humour is vitreous or aqueous
 But no!
 My goodness graqueous
 NO!
 For the kind of thing that throws us into paroxysms—and makes us laugh
 so that nothing can abate us,
 Is something short and simple, like the other name for that *nasty* kind of
 flatus.
 In other words our humour is neither vitreolic
 Nor diabolic
 But don't mistake us, we know a thing or two. Oh my yes! We know our
 way around.
 And there are some fields of activity, where Medical students, with their
 various knives and instruments, abound.
 Yes, our thoughts are often far from sainted.
 But we're only half as bad as our Medettes are *not* painted.
 And when our Professors have said their say and everything's been done,
 Medical students still have fun.

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 and efficient infant food.—That's why
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EUGENE O'NEILL ENROLLS IN MEDICINE

Scene is in lecture room which is being used for enrolling first year students. The professor is taking the names and making the usual platitudes.

Prof.—“And you, my boy, what is your name?” (“That makes 198—what the hell are they all going to do?”)

Eugene—“Eugene O'Neill”—(“The old fossil—he looks like the antithesis of the Mississippi flood.”)

Prof.—“Ah yes, any relation to Dr. Zeke O'Neill?” (“You're as good as plucked if you are.”)

Eugene—“No sir.” (“Cut out the boloney and let me get out of here.”)

Prof.—“Well, my boy, and what made you decide to become a doctor?” (“If the poor sucker thought there's any money in this racket he's screwy.”)

Eugene—“Well sir, I don't suppose I'll amount to much but whatever little I can do to help humanity, I feel will justify my work. (“If he falls for that line of — he's dumber than I thought he was, which is about absolute zero.”)

Prof.—“And a very commendable outlook too, I might say. You're the type of boy that our profession needs. (“If any more of these half-dried liars hand me that again I'll swing one on him from the floor.”)

Eugene—“You know sir, I don't want to be an ordinary doctor; I'd like to do something big like Pasteur.” (“What a laugh—me and Pasteur. I'd kinda like a job like Dr. Locke's got.”)

Prof.—“Ah, admirable, my boy.” As Shakespeare puts it, “A man's reach must exceed his grasp or — something or other.” (“What the hell is the rest of the—Ah skip it.”)

Eugene—“Yes, thank you sir.” (“Shakespeare in a pig's eye! Can't even remember the phrase and he's got the authors mixed. Some smart guy.”)

Prof.—“Have you met any of your classmates yet?” (“And do I give a good damn?”)

Eugene—“I've met a few sir. They're a fine bunch of boys, aren't they?” (“Of all the miserable, poisonous looking people I've seen these take the cake—I have never seen such concentrated ugliness.”)

Prof.—“I suppose you're living in residence?” (“He looks as though he slept in a beer parlour.”)

Eugene—“No, sir, I board out. I think it gives one a chance to work harder.” (“He should only know about that blonde widow that's keeping me. Say to-day's the fourth, isn't it?”)

Prof.—“Well, here's your card.” (“And you know what you can do with it.”)

Eugene—“Thanks very much, sir, and thanks for your interest.” (“Inquisitive old monkey—what the hell business is it of his why I want to go into Medicine?”)

Prof.—(198, eh? “And the Assyrians shall come down in the night like wolves on a fold.”)

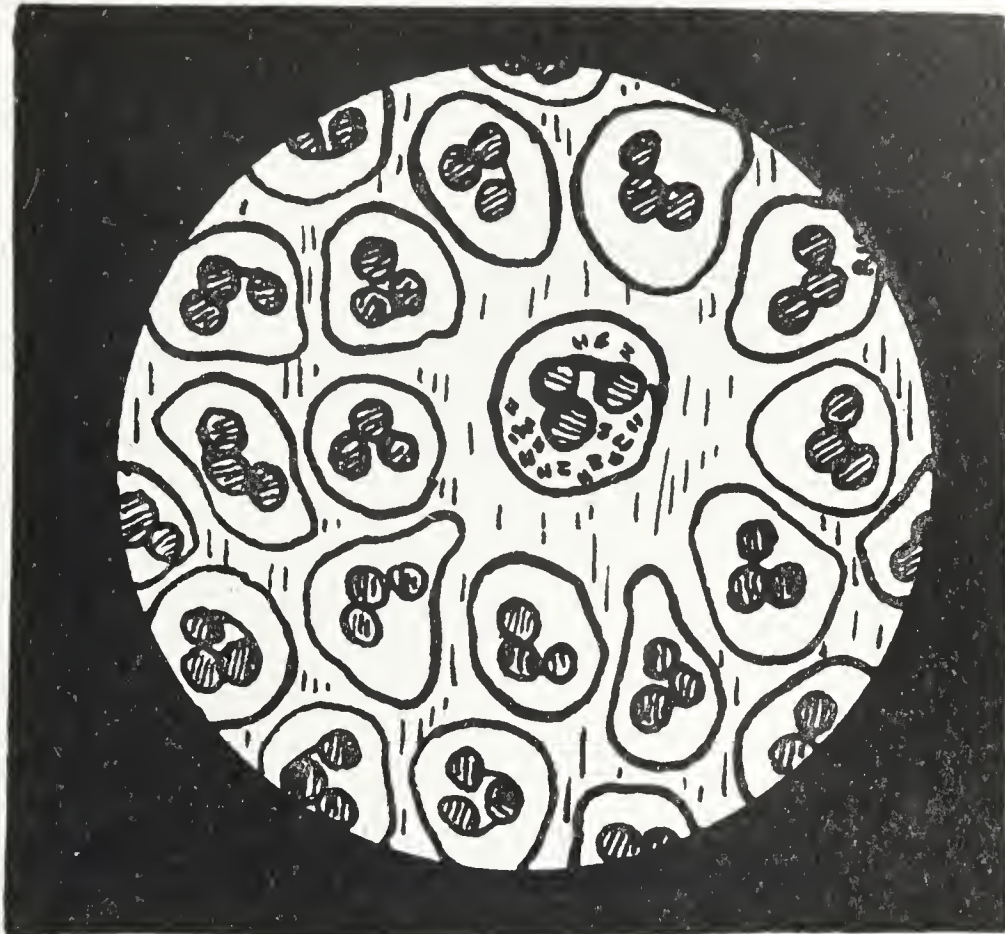
W. B.

A doctor wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on the bench. “Whose game?” he asked. A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. “I am,” she replied.

* * *

Doctor—“How's your patient this morning, nurse?”

Nurse—“He's much more like himself, Doctor. He's beginning to blow the froth off his medicine.”



THE "FALLEN" POLYMORPH.

SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN

The infant.
 The little girl.
 The miss.
 The young woman.
 The young woman.
 The young woman.
 The young woman.

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HEAVY LIST

A certain well-known consultant was moving, and his man was detailed to take an inventory of the furnishings and equipment of the consultant's offices. After telling him what to do, the doctor left him to his own resources. He found a list a little later on, something like this:—

Desk, mahogany, one; chairs, mahogany, three; rug, brown, one; decanters whisky, full, three; decanters whiskey, full, none; threr desgs, and if yoi dont beleve me coubt them; fibe hundrer-thirsand ephelanys, green, blue, purple; one pink bisom,,, large blue sopysts; relvovining door mat, oneone whheeeeeeeee phwaaaaaa!

A lady patient was being interrogated by an assistant of one of our eminent roentgenologists preliminary to having a Gastro-Intestinal study, not long ago; and on being asked if she had had any operations she replied rather vaguely that she had had one on her lower abdomen. The interrogator asked her if she meant a pelvic operation and she replied in the affirmative seeming quite relieved that its nature had been understood so easily. "You know," she said, in a burst of confidence, "I had an ovary and a test-tube taken out of my left side."

Surgeon (operating on Actor)—"I've just cut him to ribbons!"

Student—"What does that prove?"

Surgeon (quick-like)—"There are many ways to slice a ham."

* * *

A traveller on a rather poor Atlantic line dined during a storm. He had ordered "tripe" but the service was so slow that he fell asleep. On waking, the "tripe" was before him. He called a steward and asked, "Steward, have I eaten this?"



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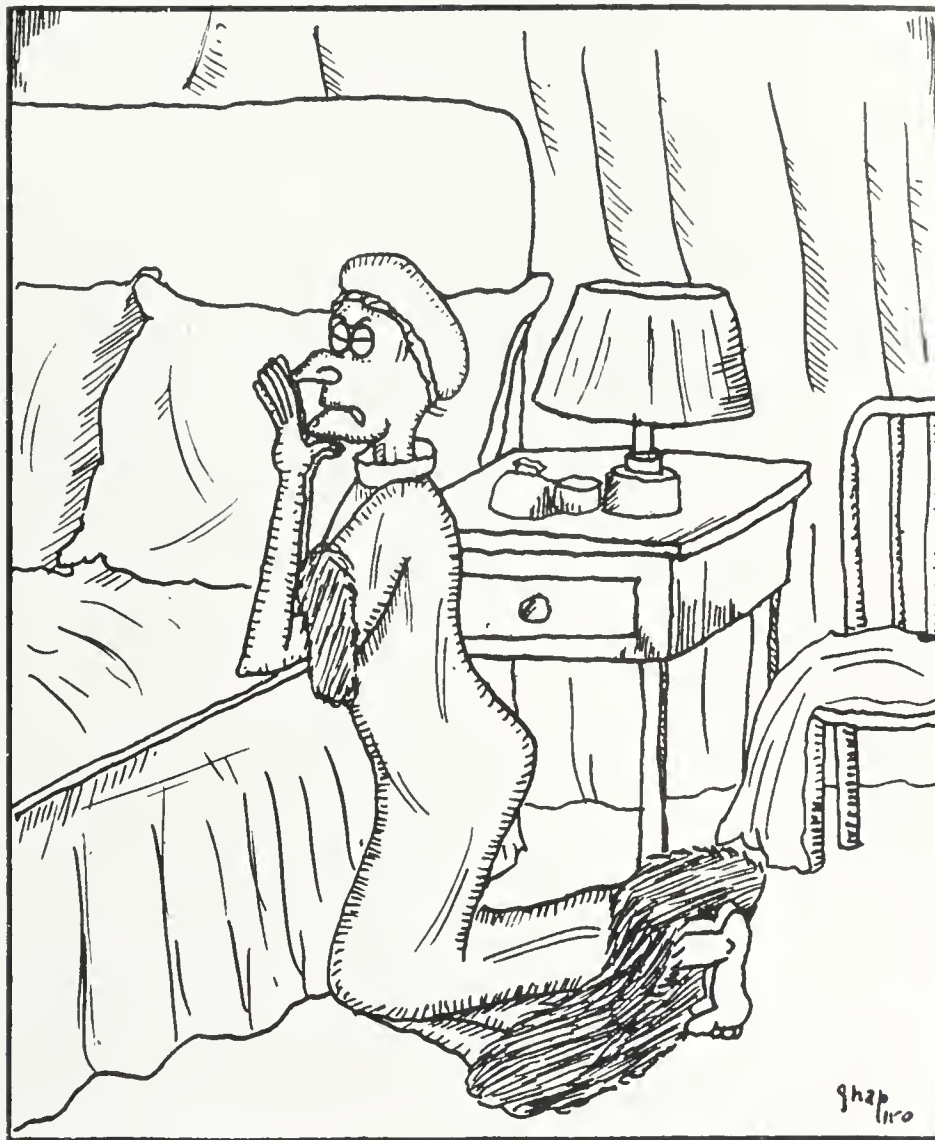
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Headline in Chicago Daily News:—
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DEFINITION

Baby—An alimentary canal with a loud noise at one end, and an utter lack of responsibility at the other.

Even in the bustle of to-day, people have their week-ends.

Tony Benedetto

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Joe Tony Jimmy

Ha! Ha!

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We don't pretend to be,
But we are Master Barbers
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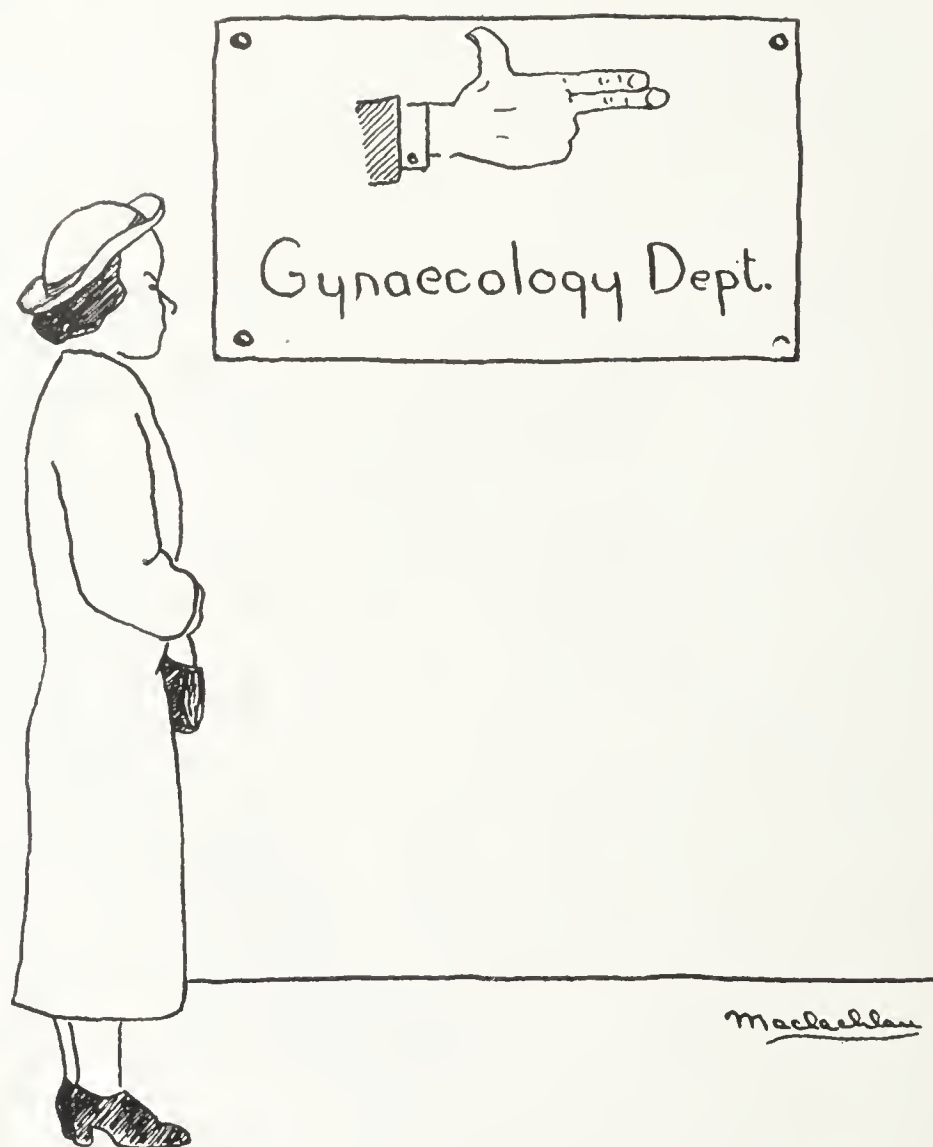
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and LUNCH COUNTER

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Magazines



BACKFIELD ACE—OR OUR BUSINESS MANAGER AT HIS BEST

Boy, what a mess of guys, — I'll have to get goin' — oh, oh, that was a close one — this is going to take some expert dodging. I can see I'll have to keep my eyes open all the time now — oh, there's an opening — now to use my double and a half pivot-step. It'll be a tight squeeze, but I think I can make it Faster and Faster Made it. It's a good thing those two blocked for me — I'm sure glad I got out of that fix — about one more minute to go — Well, I can't let down on my dear Alma now. She stuck by me, and I'll stick by her — and they keep coming and coming — Ouch! Right on the shins — I think they're bleeding. Can't stop to look now — Someone will knock me off my feet — There can't be more than a few seconds left. Look at this big guy coming. I'll have to use that special sidestep I've been working on — she sure works — Now I know I haven't been wasting time practising it — —Come on, all you guys; I'm not afraid. The tougher they come, the harder they fall. — Gosh, I wonder how much more time is left — Can't be but a second or two — Ah at last the end — I'm fagged, but I couldn't let you down, Alma ——— Thanks for the dance.

Dr. Watson—"And over there is the fire escape on the Nurses' Residence. Notice the shiny steps."

Student—"Yes Sir! there certainly is a rub."

Dr. Dauphinee—"Remarkable hearing! Try it with the cap off your scope."

There was a young man of Natal,
 And Sue was the name of his gal.
 I'm sorry to say
 That they found him one day
 Steaming up Suez Canal.

* * *

When first he came to see her
 He had a timid heart.
 And when the lights were low
 THEY SAT THIS FAR APART.
 But as their love grew warmer
 And they learned the joy of a kiss—etc.
 Ah, now when lights go out
 THEYSITASCLOSEASTHIS.

From the Iowa City Press—Citizen

LOST—Pants with watch and bill-fold southeast of Hills. Box 322. Reward.
From an Idaho Newspaper (Society Column)

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Andrasen have been in Twin Falls for the past week,
 where Mr. Andrasen is disposing of his seed.

Social Note from the David City People's Banner (Nebraska)

A wedding dinner was served at the home of the Bride's parents Mr. and
 Mrs. John Polivka. A wedding cake was baked by Mrs. Theodore Stava, it being
 white with sweet peas and maidenhead decorations.


From the Hartford Courant

Those who want the freshest of eggs can depend on George C. Greer, tele-
 phone 5-7503. Not only are his eggs always fresh but they are large-sized ones,
 and he will deliver them whenever you want them.

Sign on Scotch Golf Course—"Members will kindly refrain from picking up
 lost golf balls until they have stopped rolling."

* * *

A butcher making sausages backed up into his sausage machine with the result
 that he got a little behind in his Xmas orders.



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THE OSTEOPATH EXPLAINS

Letter received by an Insurance Company:

Gentlemen:

I don't know that you understand just what a Sacro-Iliac strain is, so, I am adding this note to my final report.

Sacro-Iliac strain means that the articulation of the Ileum and Sacrum are strained out of true line, which causes a pressure and strain on the Sciatic nerve. Some cases are worse than others. In some cases two or three treatments is all that's required, while in others, the more aggravated cases, will require a dozen or more treatments.

I have had Medical training, and I have great respect for the Medical Doctors, but, with all due respect to the doctors, the Medical schools do not teach any technique for correcting this strain. In fact they do not recognize this condition as being a bone lesion. They only think it a muscular strain.

This city is blessed with a lot of mighty fine, and good doctors, and I am proud to state that they treat me with great respect. Many of them knowing of my success with Sacro-Iliac cases, and finding that their method of taping such conditions are of no value refer these cases to me. Two of the leading physicians here had this same trouble themselves and came to me for correction of it. I only mention this to show how friendly we all are and how nicely we all get along together, and don't misconstrue it as boasting, please. It only goes to show that our doctors are broad-minded and feel that the osteopath has his place in the field as well as they, which is highly commendable in these doctors.

I am enclosing my bill with the report.

Yours very respectfully,

R. W. ROSEBERRY, D.O.

A little boy was recounting his experiences after a visit to his Uncle's farm. "I saw a big pig being chased by a lot of little pigs. After running around for a while, the big pig fell down exhausted. The little pigs immediately pounced on the big pig, and ate all the buttons off its vest."

* * *

First Stude—"Lesh have a Medical Convenshun."

Second Stude—"Okay. You bring the Docsh!"

* * *

One she-wolf to another she-wolf—"Have you heard from the big bad wolf lately?"

Second she-wolf—"Yes! I just had a litter from him yesterday."

Medical Arts Barber Shop

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Y NOT EAT AT LAWRENCE'S

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Kingsdale 3284



DOC—HAVE YOU EVER HAD AN X-RAY?
GAL—NO, BUT I'VE BEEN ULTRAVIOLATED.

ANSWER IN NURSES' EXAMINATION

Q.—What is intussusception?

A.—It is the mixing of the cells of the male with the female..

BRUSHING AWAY THE DEPRESSION

WORST PAINTED BEHIND—headline in Columbia Star.

* * *

A Young Negro woman was up for pre-natal examination, and in taking her history the following conversation took place:—

Doctor—"How long have you been married?"

Patient—"I'se not married."

Doctor—"Well, who is the father of your child?"

Patient—"Doctuh, it doan have a father, it's a volunteer chile."

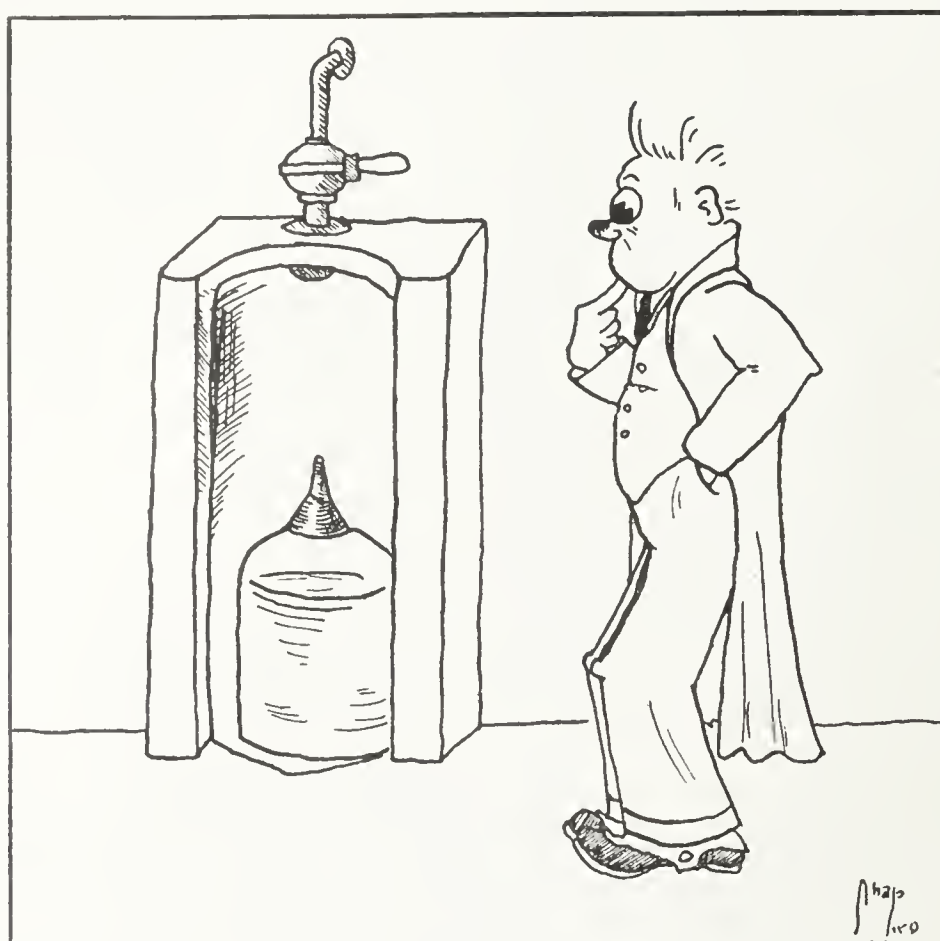
* * *

A young man who had been travelling and had not seen his wife for some few months was surprised one day by a telegram that read like this:

"Sylvia gave birth to a little girl this morning; both doing well." On the message was a sticker, reading: "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

* * *

The two Medical students were ardent advocates of home-brew. They felt they were experts, neither would concede that the other's was a better brew; so to settle the argument, down went the samples to the P. Chem. lab. This is the report they received back: "We recommend that you do not work either of the two horses."



STUDE—GOSH! THEY'RE MAKING THE
COURSE HARDER EVERY DAY!

A bride was showing her uncle through their new home. "This is my room, Uncle. You see, we have twin beds, they are so much more hygienic. That one is Harold's, this one is mine." Then Uncle noticed a little blue clock on the mantel and remarked, "What a charming little clock."

"Yes," said the bride, "It's a wedding present from Aunt Fanny."

A few days later, Uncle received a note from his niece, asking him if he knew anything about the little blue clock—for it had mysteriously disappeared, the very afternoon he was there.

Uncle replied—"Dear Enid, look in Harold's bed."

END OF JOKE

* * *

A chiropractor gets paid \$2.00 for what an ordinary man gets slapped for.

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HEARD AT THE MED-AT-HOME

"Carry your bag, sir?"

"No thanks, I'll take care of my own girl!"

In giving gas at college
Willie gained the useful knowledge
That if the eye would not respond to irritation
When he touched it with his finger,
He was not to longer linger,
But to start at once upon the operation.

His first victim was a stranger,
Great big, brawny Texas ranger,
Who said he'd like to take a dose of gas;
Now, his earthly troubles over,
Willie lies beneath the clover;
For the Texas Ranger's eye was made of glass.

Doctor to young patient—"All you need is a little sun and air."
Patient—"Oh doctor—but I'm not married."



—HUCCOMBE YO' AIN'T GONE IN THAT STORK-
DERBY MOSE?

—WHY, MANDY, AH WAS SCRATCHED BEFO'
AH EVEN STAHTED!

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A TYPICAL CLINIC

In the middle of a clinic
When you're getting kinda bored,
And your eyes begin to wander
Slowly up and down the ward.

Rows of beds and sickening patients
Meet the weary student's gaze.
Through the doorway drifts serenely
Sweet perfection. Spirits raise.

Down the ward she glides toward you;
Stops next door to have a chat.
Rate and pressure both soar skyward;
Oh, to be in bed with that!

Then a voice from some far region
Penetrates the fog around;
"Please describe this man's appearance,
Is he sick, or is he sound?"

"Resting comfortably in bed, sir.
Looks to me to be O.K."
("Gosh, I wonder if she's busy
On the seventeenth of May.")

Clinic gasps, and then they snicker.
Someone kicks you in the pants.
Rudely are you thus awakened
From your sweet, ecstatic trance.

Patient has an apex flutter;
Orthopnoea, membranes blue;
Fingers clubbed and veins congested;
And he shows oedema too.


Freshman! let this be a lesson.
When you're working on the ward,
Never let a dream seduce you;
Better far to be just bored.

W. F. W.

* * *

DEFINITION

Obstetrician—An educated night-watchman.



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WOULDN'T YOU
JUST LOVE TO SEE
SAMOA

REASON ENOUGH

It wasn't my fault. I wouldn't have taken the date, but Harry's girl liked her and wanted to see her get around. I didn't have any excuse and they bought my ticket to the Frolic.

When she came down the stairs I shuddered. I grabbed Harry. She was dressed in lavender or something, her slip showed decidedly, her dress was low in the back and I could see her skinny shoulder blades. Her hair was corn color and she wore horn-rimmed glasses.

She liked me, of course, and made passionate love all the way down. When we danced, I held her away as much as possible but I couldn't prevent her knees from knocking mine.

On the way home, she said she liked my car better than hers. I asked her what kind of car she had and she said it was a Packard. I wondered what business her father was in and she said he was president of a big bank in Montreal. In June, we were married.

S H I R T S

H A T S

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TORONTO



OUTDOOR GIRL.

Patient (nervously)—“Will the operation be dangerous, doctor?”
 Doctor—“Nonsense. You couldn’t buy a dangerous operation for forty dollars.”

* * *

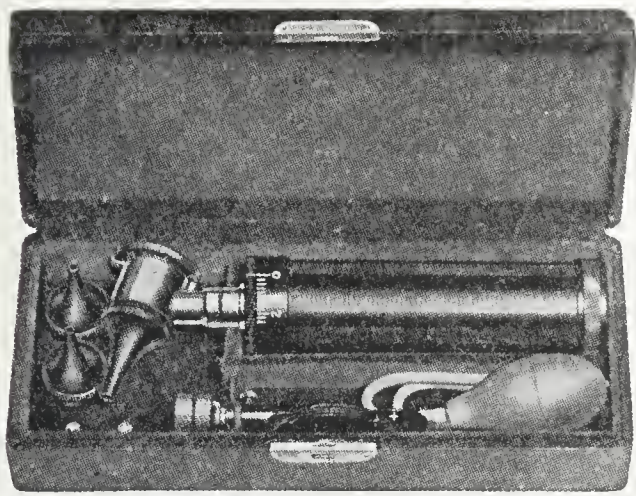
“How’s the wife, George?”
 “Not so well, old boy. She’s just had quinsy.”
 “Gosh! How many is that you’ve got now?”

ODE OO KNOW SOMETHING

When in the midst of March to my surprise,
 I realize my minus academic state
 And trouble smarter students with my bootless cries,
 Lose my sleep at night and also half my weight
 Wishing me like to one in A.O.A.,
 Knowing full well the hopeless sap I am
 My mouth wide open but yet nothing to say,
 My pen held motionless at exam
 With these thoughts myself quite in despair
 Stare gloomily into space and lose yet still more hair.
 Hapily I look on thee—ah suicide,
 For there I know whatever may betide
 Sweet death my ignorance will hide.
 For though in May the songs of waking nature’s heard,
 I, on the contrary—look out, I’m going to park a bird!!

W. B.

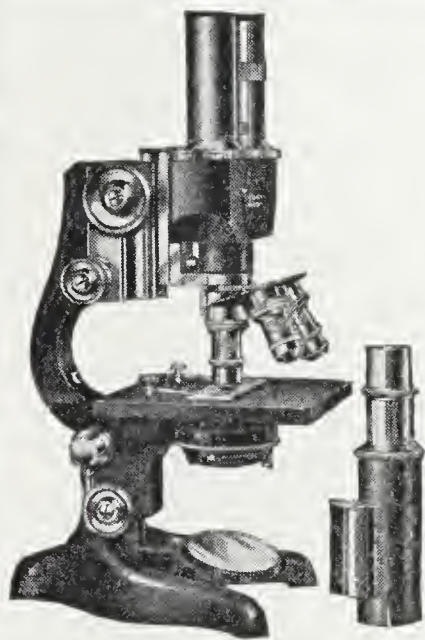
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MIDNIGHT OIL AND STILL
HAVE A PILE OF WORK
AHEAD OF YOU



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